NEVV BARTHOLMEW FAYRINGS:

Presented to several MEMBERS of the

JUNCTO

AND

Councell of State,

BY

The Man in the Moon.

What here is Given; Rebels *take in good part,*
Pox take ye all, if't be'nt with all my heart.

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NEW

BARTHOLMEVV FAYRINGS.

BE E it known unto all Men by theſe preſence, That I The Man in the Moon, *for divers good reaſons beſt known to my Self, Do give theſe ſeveral* Fayrings *to theſe Perſons following; as the earneſt of my moſt fervent Affections, for all their Good done to the KING and KINGDOME theſe Eight Yeers laſt paſt:*

Inprimis,

TO *John Bradſhaw* I give a new *Hempen Halter*, to uſe at his own diſcrition; alſo ſome hundred thouſand *Curſes per annum*, to him and his Heirs for ever: And to his *Wife*, one *Sugar-louf*, to make her a *ſweet Gentlewoman*; the *Goods* and *Houſhold-ſtuffe* beſides belonging to Queen *Mary*, for her *Huſbands* great *Paines* and *Care*, in pronouncing unjuſtly the Sentence of *Death* on that Vertuous and never to be forgotten *Saint* and *Martyr*, King *Charles* the *Firſt*: Likewiſe 2000.l. *per ann.* out of the late *Kings* Revennes, for his good Service, unwearied Pains, and good affections to the *State*, to provide him *Candles* every morning, after his *nightly exerciſe*.

I give unto *Thom-Asse* Lord *Fairfax* a *Rattle*, that it may serve him for a *Scepter*, and a *Cap* with a *Coxcombe* for his *Crown*; also a Ribband of *Yellow-lace* to hang about his neck with a *black Pudding* in it, in stead of a *George*: I give him also a *Silver tooth-picker* made in the fashion of a pair of *Horns*, to wear in his *Hatt*, that the world may know he is the true *Successor* of the late Earl of *Essex*; and a penny *Looking-glasse* to behold his *Fools face* in: And to that *Chaste* and *Honest* Lady his *Wife*, I give a *Dil-doe* of the *largest size*, that in the absence of Mr *Gorge*, she may for the Recreation of her *Spirit*, scour her *dull Tannikin*, and make it plyable for another *impression*.

I give unto my Lord Governor of *Ireland*, namely *Cromwel*, *Leave* to come home again, in case he cannot *Land*, that the *Levellers* may not fall on *Fairfax* in his stead, and so Sacrifice an *Asse* to the *Peoples agreement*, in stead of a *Bull*: I give beside to him and his Heirs for ever, the *Keeping of the Peoples Liberties*, their *Money* and *Treasures*, and to dispose of it, as he shall in his deep *Machiavilian wisdom*, think fit, to the attainment of that *End* shall most redound to his own profit. I give unto him also a *black Cypriss* to keep the Flies from his *Nose*: I give unto him a *Book* fairly Guilded, of all the *Jesuites Principles* to justifie the late Murder of his KING; that therein he may (for his proposed *End*,) committ any wickedness whatsoever, swear, for-swear, cheat, murder, break Faith, &c. till he make himself (if God prevent him not) perfect Monarck of Christendom, and in the mean time, that he Raise more Money, and new WARS upon WARS, to the utter Ruin of all the KINGS in Christendom, and Devastations of their Kingdoms and Nations, till all be under his Subjection; making the People provide him Money for all this; having the use of their Persons and Purses till he be on the top of his *Authority*; with this Proviso, that being so high, he may be upheld (from falling by M. *Halter* and his *Guard*) by the Neck, never to be disthroned, till he be cut down by the hands of the Common Hangman. I give unto him likewise, and to his Heirs for ever and ever, all the *Curses* pronounced from the beginning of *Genesis* to the end of the *Revelation*, and beseech all the People to sign them with *Amen, Amen*.

And

And if on *Sea*, let *Pharaohs Curse* come on,
That he may *swim* to his Destruction:
Or, if he Lands but on the *Irish* shore,
Like *Vermin* there, let him be seen no more:
Montross or *Ormond* send him to his Grave;
And then Ile write, *Here lies a Perjur'd Knave.*

I give (Surreverence) unto that sordid stale piece of Lust and Iniquity (his Wife) the blessing of *Jezzebel*, also some two or three Cart loads of *Hangings* for her and her Children to keep Court with at *Bristol*. I give her some *Mercury* to eat off the *scurff* off her Cheeks, and a Receite of *Puppy-Dog-water* to make her a beautiful Queen: Also I give her another excellent Receite for the *Morbus Gallicus*, to keep in repair the bridge of her Majesties Nose, and the *Sciattica* in her Bum: and the remainder, to spend on her Husband, to cure him of the *Running of the reins.*

I give unto his Son in Law *Ireton*, the Reward of *Judas*, the Blessing of *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, the Fate of *Absalom*, the Resolution of *Achitophel*; and to his *Wife* the *end* of *Cozbi*; and to all her Brothers and Sisters, the Blessing of *Cain.*

I give unto *Billy Lenthal*, Speaker of the Commons, the *Charge* of *Edward Jenks* in the behalf of the Common-wealth; and in case all those Treasons be proved against him, That he may expect no more Justice or Mercy then King *Charles* the I.

I give unto Colonel *Pride* (for my Dogs sake) who saies he begate him, the *Knowledge* of his *Father*, hid to this day: Provided, That Saint *Brides* Parish may be paid for his *Nursing*; and that he may no longer be called *Pride*, but *Bride*; which Name was given him, because he was a Bastard, and found in the Parish; I have searched the Church Book for the truth, and find it Real.

Witnesses, { *Thomas Davis.*
{ *John Walker.*

I give unto the late Defunct House of *Lords*, the Blessing of *Issachar*, that they may be perfect *Slaves* to the very Riff-raff and Basest of the People; and in the end, that they may be brought to that Subjection and Servitude, that they may hold *Cromwels* Srirrop, and at parting, think it their greatest Honor to kiss his Horse Crupper.

I give

I give vnto *Philip* Earl of *Pembrook* a *Babble*, a *new Bibb*, with a fine *Point*, and commend him, that he can preſerve *Himſelf* and *Eſtate*; notwithſtanding his great *Swearing*, almoſt equal to his Brethrens *Lying*, and deſire he would not be grieved at the many wiſe *Speeches Michael Oldiſworth* hath put forth in his name.

I give my Lord *Wharton* a new *Purſe* and 200 *pieces*, to Bribe *Jack Lilburn* to Petition *Cromwels* Authority for the *reſurrection* of the *Houſe of Lords*; which if he happily effects, the firſt *Act* made by the *Lords* and *Commons* ſhall be, *An Act prohibiting all manner of Perſons to ſcandalize, mock, and deride my Lord* Wharton *with the* Sawpit, *under penalty of High Treaſon, and ſuffering as a Traytor, and an Enemy to the State.*

I give to Mr *Cook*, Mr *Steel*, and Mr *Rolls*, one *Volumne* of a certain *Law-Book* entituled, *Ignoramus*, printed at *Cambridge* about the yeer 1626; and Ordain, That a Study may be built in *Grayes-Inne*, and a *Desk* for it to lie on; that each, or every of the *Three*, may have egreſſe and regreſſe to the ſaid *Book* to ſtudy *Laws* for the building up their new *Government*; and I give a new *Drum* to the ſaid houſe, which ſhall be known by the name of *Bradſhaws Drum*, to call together all their zealous *Novices* in the *Inns of Court*, once every Week, to read thereon: Provided, That *Tench* the *Drum-maker* in *Hounſditch*, hath the making thereof.

I give to *Jeroboams Calves* (I mean the *Preſbyterian Clergy*) a *Book* called, *The Hypocrite Unmasked*; and deſire Doctor *Burgeſſe*, Mr *Calamy*, Mr *Sedgwick*, *Gouge*, *Sybbalds*, and the reſt of the *Turn-Coats* of the *Times*, to tell me, if it be not proved therein, That when they ſought with might and main to take down *Biſhops*, root and branch, it was not their ſole *End* and *Aime* to ſhoot at, and deſtroy the *King* himſelf; which they would do, though they made themſelves a prey to Hereticks, Traytors, and Blood-ſuckers, as they have done at this day: That all their Treaſonous Doctrines, Bawlings, Tautologies, Blaſphemies, Repetitions, Nonſenſe, and crying out for the *Cauſe of the Lawrd*, the *Cauſe of the Lawrd*; it were not their own firſt *Stratagem & Plot* to deſtroy *Monarchy*, though another evil Spirit more powerful then they, did that *work* for them;

them; and whether they be not *Guilty* of all the Murders, Burnings, Spoiles, and Desolations that have been within these Eight yeers; when by any reasonable man it is acknowledged that *Those* that set the flame to the first house, must needs be in the greatest fault, though the fire continues till it have destroyed a whole City, and divers other evil disposed persons in imitation of them *Fire* the rest; *Ergo*, Sir *John Presbyter* is &c.

That Sheep that first doth run astray,
If not turn'd back, will teach the rest the way.
Enough will follow, lead but the way to Evil;
Where one halts to God, thousands run to the Devil.

I give to Sir *Harry Mildmay* a *feat* Ring, with a half-penny *Jewel* in it, with the late *Kings Picture* thereon, that at the Crowing of every *Cock* he may remember who he *Denyed* and *Betrayed*; and if he want grace to repent, that he would *Dispair*, and make use of *Judas* Medicine: in the mean time, that he have Care, That the *Man in the Moon* spie him not out again with his *Kitchin Maid* in a Gravel-pit at *Wansteed* in *Essex*.

I give to *Miles Corbet*, the Picture of *Dives* howling in hell, to fore-warn him of his Journey thither, that, if it be possible, he might divert his Course; because, he being the shape of the Devil (claws excepted) upon earth, it should be punishment enough for him here: Provided he leave his Treason and Knavery, which I think is a task impossible; and therefore like to like quoth the Devil to *Corbet*.

That sooty villain never was made for bliss,
Then take him Devil, where black horror is.

I give to Mistris *Corbet*, Captain Roes *Instrument* of *Generation*, that the next time she takes Coach (and wants a man) she may send for him, and hand *it* instead of the Pommel of the *Seat*, as she hath done once or twice before.

I give to Alderman *Atkins*, a Remnant of *Dimittee*, consisting of 24 yards *London* measure, to make his Worship *new Drawers*, that he may not want *Shifts*, but be alwayes provided to go *Sweet* and *Clean*, and nevermore be called, *The shitten Alderman*.

I give to *Harry Martin*, a Couple of *Muskmillons*, and two pair of *Gloves* to cure *Itchy hands*, to send to his brace of *Punks*, that

that are now forced, for want of his promised *Sallery*, to take their Chamber in *Cloth-fair*, to Trade with others in his absence, for their present subsistance.

I give to *Hugh Peters*, the *Charity* of the *Regenerate Sisters*, and a Collection of all sincere *Butchers Wives*, and other she *Saints* of the *Separation*; that he may bestow upon them the Spirit of *Consolation*, that every Three quarters of a yeer, they may shew the *sweet Fruits* thereof, to the great joy of the *Cuckolds* their *Husbands*; till some one of them having a discerning Spirit, re-cudgel him into his wits, who now is as mad as a *Bedlam*, to see himself cast off by his Masters, and others preferred before him.

I give unto *John Lilburn*, *Dick Overton*, & the rest, Courage, Zeal, and Magnanimity, that as they have Raised and Advanced this present *Juncto*, so they may now pull them down again, and Raise themselves in their stead; to which end I give the gallant *Levellers* this *Counsel*, To strip them as bare as they have done others; and see how many of the *Common People* in the Kingdom will take their parts: yea, to the Contrary, not rather with all their hearts take up Armes against them, and pull them out by the eares; that pretend their *Liberty*, and work their *Slavery*.

The Man in the Moon *will then rejoyce and laugh,*
And to their Healths, whol bowls of Claret quaff.

Lastly, I give the *Common People* of *England* my Countrymen, (for the Preservation of the meanest of which, I would loose my life) this *Counsel*, To keep their *Money* from them; cry unto God to Revenge the wrongs they have already sustained; and implore him, That he would Raise a BRANCH out of that Royal *Stem* (their MARTYR) that like *Moses*, may soon deliver them from their Afflictions, that God may have his *Due*, the King His *Right*, the People *Theirs*, and Peace and former Prosperity may be re-settled in this dying Kingdom. *Amen, Amen, Amen,*
For never expect Peace till then.

Dear Country-men; Yours to the Death,
The MAN in the MOON.

FINIS.

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